

THE NATION

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WHAT the PEACE MOVEMENT NEEDS

Charles D. Bolton

LIFE BEGINS on ROUTE 40

Leo Hamalian

THE WAR on UNICEF

David Cort

AMERICAN SHOPPERS and THE COMMON MARKET

Peter L. Bernstein

LETTERS

Two Views on a Third

Dear Sirs: I started reading Yuri Nagibin's essay in *The Nation* (December 30) with eagerness, since his fiction has interested me for years. I praised it highly in 1957 in *The New Leader*, in *Soviet Survey* (London, No. 36, 1961), and in *Problems of Communism* (No. 3, 1961). It is all the more disappointing to find Nagibin referring to me as "America's sensational literary expert," who

published a long article whose subtitle announced that "Yuri Nagibin has turned his back on Soviet power." That only made us laugh. It never occurred to me to refute Gibian's twaddle, just as it would never have occurred to me to denounce a neon advertisement lauding a highly unsavory concoction.

There is no such sentence as Nagibin quotes in any of my writings, as a subtitle or in the text. . . . I can only conclude that Nagibin has never really seen my articles and that he has taken a swipe at me in *The Nation* on the basis of some false second-hand report about them.

It is obvious that Nagibin did indeed read Sidney Monas [*The Nation*, July 29, 1961] and he presents some cogent, carefully argued points in his rebuttal. But even there some passages indicate an inability to accept what an American of good will towards Russia has written if it contains one iota of criticism. Soviet writers suffer from a mysterious compulsion to reject anything, no matter how friendly on the whole; as long as it is not 100 per cent favorable. In personal conversation, they can accept fairly wide disagreement; in print, it is all or nothing.

In moments of discouragement, one wonders whether it is worth while even to make an effort at a Soviet-American meeting of minds. . . . I do welcome attempts at a dialogue. But let us also remember that a conversation can be fruitful only if both sides try to be fair, are given access to and read what the other side has actually said, refrain from invective, and avoid the "either you are all for us or you are all against us" attitude.

GEORGE GIBIAN
Professor of Russian Literature
Ithaca, N.Y. Cornell University

Dear Sirs: If Mr. Nagibin is typical of Russia's current writers, there is great hope for us all. Perhaps many of our

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own smug American writers will take note of the spontaneity, excitement, honesty and interest glaringly apparent throughout Mr. Nagibin's article and make an effort to capture some of it. What we need is some "futurization" of our own instead of ridiculing the hope and faith evident in some Russian literature. . . .
Sherman Oaks, Calif. HELEN TIEGER

Approval by an Expert

Dear Sirs: In "Interview with 213 Bank Robbers," in your December 30 issue, I think David Cort did a fine job of summarizing the moral issues and considerations involved in the crime of bank robbery. The subject has so many interesting facets that I am trying to get someone to make a more detailed study. The "researches" of the New Era, as implied in the article, cannot be regarded as having been conducted with scientific objectivity.

JAMES V. BENNETT
Director, Bureau of Prisons
Washington, D.C. U.S. Dept. of Justice

Budget Time for HUAC

Dear Sirs: The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is again asking that people urge their Congressmen to vote against appropriations for the Un-American Activities Committee. We and over twenty other organizations have called for the abolition of the committee, but that desirable goal will not be considered by the Administration Committee of the House, which recommends appropriations.

Each standing committee of the House

Credit Line Omitted

The cartoon on page 8 of our Jan. 6 issue should have carried the following credit: "Reprinted from Ed Fisher's *Domesday Book* (St Martin's Press, copyright 1961)." —Ed.

gets \$50,000 for its work without further action by the House. HUAC each year asks for and gets much more. In 1961 an extra appropriation of \$361,000 was made for HUAC, not including huge amounts for printing. Only one other committee of the House got that much.

The subcommittee of the Administration Committee which handles HUAC's budgetary request is chaired by Rep. Samuel N. Friedel (D., Maryland). Even Congressmen who do not oppose HUAC in principle should be willing to insist on public hearings before another third of a million is appropriated.

CLARK FOREMAN
New York City Director, ECLC

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EDITORIALS

The 'Down with the U.N.' Campaign

"Internationalism" has always been a dirty word in the vocabulary of perfervid nationalists: one has only to recall Hitler's reliance on "international Jews," "international bankers" and "international Communists." In contrast, *Deutschland ueber Alles* or "America First" soothes the savage breast. Today, the United Nations is the natural butt and victim of the politician who has learned the simple technique of perverting patriotism for his own ends. One might think that UNESCO, at least, might be spared, but the more useful and humanitarian the organization, the more suspect it is in the eyes of ultra-rightists [see also "The War on UNICEF," page 77]. Senator Thomas J. Dodd finds the UNESCO *Courier* paralleling the Communist line because it mentioned racism in the free countries and failed to castigate the Soviet Union. Representative John M. Ashbrook of Ohio attacks the United States Office of Education on the ground that its officials would "submit to international controls and conventions which would direct, by agreement with UNESCO, American education methods and curriculums." Representative Dale Alford, Arkansas' champion of the good, the true and the beautiful, reads into the *Congressional Record* the American Flag Committee's charge that a series of books, *Toward World Understanding*, printed by the Columbia University Press, documents "UNESCO's scheme to pervert public education" by "internationalizing" it. And the Committee for the Katanga Freedom Fighters continues to assault the U.N. itself for its interference in the internal affairs of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga.

Grotesque and ludicrous as all this is, it means that President Kennedy will need to lay his prestige on the line if he expects Congress to honor his request for authority to buy \$100 million worth of U.N. bonds and rescue the world body from the financial morass of the Congo operation. The opposition of the rabid Right would not, in itself, be too serious. The rebels against the twentieth century represent a possible future danger, but the notion that fanatical conservatism (or just conservatism) is sweeping the country is yet to be proved. What is sweeping the country is a noisy publicity cam-

paign by rightist stooges and press agents. Just the same, the anti-U.N. factions may muster a good many Congressional votes. Their agitation synchronizes with a general domestic uneasiness and anti-U.N. pressures abroad. The British are aggrieved by what they regard as the overly rapid liquidation of colonialism under the pressure of the recent Asian and African arrivals in the U.N. President de Gaulle, an old-fashioned worshiper of *la gloire*, refers to the world body as the Disunited Nations, ignoring the fact that disunity among sovereign powers is precisely the reason an organization on the patterns of the U.N. is needed. And then, militating against the U.N., there are its actual weaknesses and failures, such as its inability to prevent the Indian use of force in Goa and the absence of Red China in what purports to be an international forum.

The U.N. is beset by enemies and critics, while the President is handicapped by the need to placate the Dixiecrats and standpatters in the hope of reducing opposition to his domestic program. Nevertheless there is scarcely a chance that the U.N. will go out of business for lack of funds. Mr. Kennedy committed himself when he said, in his State of the Union address:

Our strength and our hope [for peace] is the United Nations, and I see little merit in the impatience of those who would abandon this imperfect world instrument because they dislike our imperfect world.

It could not have been said better.

People, the U.N. and Peace

The U.N. will not be slain by its enemies, but, lacking vigorous and resourceful friends, it may die a slow death of inanition. What can be done for the U.N., and for the cause of peace generally, is shown by the picketing of the White House on January 15 by 2,000 women, in connection with the Women's International Strike for Peace. Fifteen hundred of the women came from New York City.

Do politicians pay any attention to protests of this sort? The answer was given by one of the most astute and experienced politicians of our day: President Kennedy himself. Questioned at his news conference, he re-

plied: "Well, I think these women are extremely earnest and that they are concerned as we all are at the possibility of a nuclear war. . . . I understood what they were attempting to say and, therefore, I considered that their message was received."

Their message was received because they took the trouble to get out of the house to transmit it. In a crisis such as that which now confronts every man, woman and child in the whole world, love of what is good and hatred of evil are of little avail if these admirable sentiments are never communicated to others. In another connection, Representative Edith Green remarked that "a hundred different lions are roaring for the lion's share [of federal funds]." The United States is a large and noisy country, full of pressure groups and lobbyists and advertising men and trade associations and publicity hounds. Anyone who desires to be heard must *make* himself heard against a raucous background. The ladies who picketed the White House have learned this basic lesson. The publicity media are not particularly friendly to peace propaganda, but this demonstration received good TV, radio and newspaper coverage, besides Presidential attention.

However, peace is the strategic goal; it is not a tactical, political objective, which is precisely what Charles D. Bolton says the peace movement needs (see page 73). That brings us back to the U.N. and the attacks now being made upon it. Why should not the large and varied assortment of organizations that make up the peace movement launch a concerted mail campaign in support of the world organization? The campaign's primary focus should be not on the Senate, which can usually be relied on to take the larger view, but on the House, which is addicted to keyholes. With its overrepresentation of rural and small-town areas, its preoccupation with special interests and generally provincial outlook, it is the House that most needs the goad of an aroused national opinion. An avalanche of mail in support of the U.N. might force Congress to a new realization that the interests of Sauk Center can only be identified with those of the nation when Sauk Center sees itself as part of a nation which is part of a world community.

Warning from a Friend

It has been truly said that Paris is the city of light and France is the most civilized country in the world. It is unhappily true, also, that France has been sick, off and on, since the trauma of 1871. And now, under the rule of a noble but tradition-minded military man, France is approaching the deluge. The basic reason for the coming debacle is that de Gaulle is more afraid of communism and liberalism than he is of the fascism which may follow him.

Michel Gordey, a fine journalist and sometime con-

tributor to *The Nation*, painted this dark picture in an address on the occasion of his receiving the Columbia-Catherwood award at the Columbia University School of Journalism. "I belong to those Frenchmen," he said, "who do not believe that by suppressing public discussion in Parliament, by paralyzing parliamentary life, by cutting off normal sources of information, by keeping high above the clouds of public opinion, by telling the nation twice a year what one great but lonely man has decided for them . . . a regime can remain a working democracy, even if its policies are good and wise."

Under this regime, France hangs on the verge of anarchy. In 1961, more than 300 plastic bombs were exploded by fanatical rightists; the police did not catch a single perpetrator. But, says Gordey, they club and savagely beat peaceful demonstrators — three-quarters of whom at least are non-Communists — who have the temerity to protest in the streets against the murderers and blackmailers of the O.A.S. As a result of de Gaulle's policy of enmity toward the Left and the left-of-center, the police, the Army and the whole governmental bureaucracy are now so confused that the field is open for the Fascists who hide behind the mask of anti-communism. To Americans, Gordey gives a last piece of advice: ". . . Please be careful not to play the wrong horse if the day should come for you to make fateful decisions" — the wrong horse, although he does not name them, being the Bidaults, the Soustelles, the Salans and the other enemies of the Republic.

No Need for Salvation

Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, founding father of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, who has scored some easy triumphs in the evangelical swamps of Southern California, arrived in San Francisco with full knowledge that he was moving into a somewhat more skeptical and critical community. An expert in one-upmanship, Dr. Schwarz at once placed the community on the defensive; Nikita Khrushchev, he gravely warned, had long had his eye on San Francisco. It was, he implied, a kind of political Gomorrah of the West Coast, whose Chamber of Commerce was a horrible example of "how Communism can exploit the personal self-interest of a group" — the chamber had urged a program of trade with Red China. But the community declined the bait, and let Dr. Schwarz talk on and on. Having given him a generous allowance of space, in which an astute reporter (Charles Raudebaugh) encouraged him to parade his cheeky *non sequiturs*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* proceeded to speak its mind editorially. "We regard San Francisco," the editorial said, "as healthy, tolerant, alert and intelligent, understanding the nature of Communism and unsusceptible to the flimsy blandishments of Marxism; it is a free and confident city, in no need for such salvation as the good doctor now offers." But

more bad news for Dr. Schwarz was yet to come. In a letter sent to more than a thousand churches and synagogues, a committee of the leaders of the principal Protestant churches in Northern California, joined by the president of the Northern California Board of Rabbis, let the one-time "lay" Baptist evangelist have it — from both barrels. Noting that while the Crusade denies having a "program," the letter pointed out that the organization had sponsored speakers who had raised suspicions against churches, schools and universities that could be "most destructive to our society in general."

"Frustration and fear," not intelligent action, seemed to be the aim of these speakers. In a word, the statement suggested that the Crusade was out, not to save our democracy, but to destroy it.

Such rough handling the good Dr. Schwarz has not received since he was a student at the University of Queensland making speeches that should be better known by his admirers on the West Coast. San Francisco is, indeed, a free and confident city, and once again it has set an admirable example to communities less free and less confident.

LIFE BEGINS on ROUTE 40 . . by Leo Hamalian

IF YOU'VE driven the main line from New York to Washington, you must know U.S. Route 40. Four lanes of super-patched concrete, it runs a gantlet of filling stations with phosphorescent mobiles doing the twist, of motels modeled after Belgian villages, of restaurants all glass and jazz-matazz, of burger ranches owned by Al, Chet, Juanita, Ma and Pa, each selling the biggest wiener in the world. At rest before these emporia of refreshment are trailer trucks that haul potatoes, pecans or pigs to the market; Greyhound coaches en route to Richmond; T-Birds and Jags that bring countless citizens to the sunshine and an occasional Sweeney to Mrs. Porter. You can easily imagine the rest. To the chaste eye, the spectacle is the epiphany of ugly America.

But behind the ugly façade is another ugliness that you will not know unless your skin is dark. Along this highway, respectable Americans may stop for food and rest only at appointed places. Along this route between the Capitol of the United States and the capitol of the United Nations, hundreds of diplomats from the newly independent African countries have been insulted and refused service. Once President Kennedy had to apologize to Ambassador Malik Sow, of Chad, who had been brusquely turned away by the owner of the Bonnie Brae diner ("He looked like just an ordinary run-of-the-mill nig-

get to me"). When African ambassadors lodged complaints with the State Department, a young protocol officer named Pedro Sanjuan was assigned to reason with the restaurateurs. Though his efforts were helpful, nothing much happened until CORE sprang its freedom rides. After the first one in November, forty-two of the sixty-five restaurants and diners promised to serve Negroes [see editorial, "Racism on Route 40," Dec. 23, 1961]. "Good sense combined with persuasion and pressure seemed to have won a victory for equality.

Last month, however, allegedly because Southern truck drivers were incensed, many of these establishments reneged on their promise. In response, CORE decided to test again with a massive freedom ride on Saturday, December 16. I went on that ride. Though my skin is not dark, I learned how it feels to be treated as a stranger in my own country, and I sensed, if momentarily, how the daily encounter with contempt and condescension can destroy something in the spirit. I was glad that my immersion in this destructive element lasted only for an afternoon.

MY CONTINGENT left Englewood, New Jersey, in a caravan of cars shortly after 8 A.M. I was assigned to a group led by Sally E., a young housewife who, in order to join the ride, was leaving her two tots with a baby sitter all day. The others in the group were her husband, Dave, a Columbia research fel-

low who was driving the family station wagon, a 1959 Plymouth; Roland D., the principal of an elementary school in Bergen County; Wilma B., a motherly woman whose fierce spirit of justice always found gentle expression; and Olivia K., a student at the Fashion Institute, who immediately broke the warm, dark planes of her face into a flash of a smile to tell us that she was covering the event for her school newspaper. Our first stop was to be the Howard Johnson restaurant at the end of the Jersey turnpike, where we would meet with several hundred other demonstrators from other parts of the East to receive final instructions.

As the frozen turnpike countryside slid by, we laughed and talked. Two hours later, we arrived at the marshaling point (CORE, a nonviolent movement, favors military terms like "command post," "point of departure," "target area," etc.; the terms reflect only the organizational precision that goes into the rides). We found crowds of waiting people wearing blue and white buttons that read "Freedom Ride: CORE." Most of them were in their late teens and early twenties. We had a cup of coffee and then assembled in the parking lot to hear from James Farmer, Executive Secretary of CORE, how we would conduct the campaign.

We would divide into groups, he said, and each car would operate as a separate unit. We were to offer no resistance, regardless of what happened; we were to leave the premises of any restaurant whose owner

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recited the Maryland trespass law (CORE has put up so much money for bail that it did not want any further arrests that day); we were not to exchange words with hecklers; we were to be polite and friendly at all times. "Remember," Farmer's voice boomed in the cold sunshine, "you will be the focal point of attention—nationally and even internationally. Our success is completely dependent upon your behavior."

We were designated as Car 11 and given a list of target restaurants. In a few moments, we were back on the highway, rolling towards the Delaware Bay Bridge and Maryland. Briefly, soberly, we reviewed our strategy, and twenty minutes later, prepared to enact it as we pulled up in front of our first target—the Grand Diner. While Dave remained in the car as a lookout, we got out of the car, walked quickly through the door, sat down together and called for service. A withered-looking waitress threw napkins and silverware Bay Bridge and Maryland. orders, and disappeared into the kitchen. No one in the diner paid any attention to us, but the air was alive with hostility—one could sense it in the averted eyes, the bleak expressions, the gruff gestures. But nothing happened—we got our hamburgers and coffee, tipped the waitress, paid the bill, and left without a word. There was no attempt to overcharge us.

OUR NEXT stop was Fast Curb Service outside of Elkton. Again, to our surprise, we were served without any fuss, this time by an attractive teen-ager in tight slacks. She carried herself stiffly as she passed the Negro men from another unit which pulled in after us. Did this pretty, soft-spoken youngster fear or hate people because of their skin? Who knows? Was she merely caught and victimized by a social order which would interpret friendliness as betrayal? I smiled at her in query, but her face remained frozen as she asked, "Did you want black coffee with your hamburger?"

Larrimore's, a place that prosperity had passed by, was next on the list. As we drew into the parking lot, the Venetian blinds in the front window

descended and slanted shut, and we heard a hoarse voice from within call out, "We're closed! We're closed! Go on home where you come from!" We tried the door and indeed they were closed at the moment. A purple Cadillac carrying another CORE unit swerved in behind us and Farmer got out. He told us that we would take turns waiting: either the diner would open its doors (in that case, we would enter with the white customers), or it would be forced to remain closed on a Saturday, normally its busiest day. Farmer got back into the Cadillac and it roared off down the road. Our breath rising like censers, we stamped around in the cold air, watched several cars pull up and depart, returned to the wagon for warmth, stamped around some more until another unit arrived to relieve us. "Okay," the leader shouted to us. "You can go on. We'll take over for a while."

THE Chuck House was closed when we got there. Since there were no signs of life, we reasoned that the proprietor was gone for the day. His pride was paying the price of a day's profit. How long could he go on affording that kind of luxury? The Goot Essen, home of the best Pennsylvania Dutch food in Maryland, was surrounded by two teams of riders. "Go on," one of the leaders waved to us. "We'll take care of this place." We went on to find that Juanita had also departed.

Weaver's looked busy. As we started toward the entrance, we encountered a team that was just leaving. "What happened?" Sally asked. "They've locked the door and are letting only whites in. We waited until they admitted a white couple and slipped in with them. The proprietor refused to serve us, so we made him read us out. Why don't you break up into two groups and keep him busy?"

That seemed like sound strategy. Sally, Dave and Olivia waited in the car while Wilma, Roland and I made for the door. Just as we reached it, the proprietor stepped out and flung his arms across the door to bar our entry. He looked like a little fat man about to be crucified against the wall of an ersatz chalet.

"You can't come in," he said in a Maryland twang.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I don't serve colored folk," he said.

"Why not?" I asked again.

"Now, look here, mister. I'm a patriotic American citizen and nobody's going to tell me what to do. I said I don't serve colored folk and what I mean is I don't serve colored folk."

"But we don't eat colored folk," I heard Wilma murmur, quoting Dick Gregory. "Eating colored folk is wrong."

There was no sign that the proprietor thought so; no sign that the white couple waiting impatiently to enter thought so; no sign that the four burly state policemen standing by "to avoid trouble" thought so.

"Has he the right to keep us out?" I asked one of the troopers.

"It's his place, isn't it? He can do any damn thing he wants in his own place," replied the trooper.

"Is there a law that says he can bar us?"

"Yes, there is," said the proprietor.

"I'd like to hear it."

"Whatever you say, buddy. We're law-abiding people here."

SO SAYING, he began to read the Maryland trespass law (this is called "reading out" and must be done in the presence of a state policeman). In curious contrast to the calm demeanor of my companions, his hands shook and his voice trembled in counterpoint. His recitation was reminiscent of a tobacco auctioneer's chant in slow cadence. It was an unnerving job, even for this man, to tell fellow Americans to go away. According to CORE procedure, we left, to avoid arrest, as soon as he had finished. We saw Sally, Dave and Wilma receive the same treatment, and a few moments later, we again heard the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. Presumably the proprietor stood his post all afternoon in the cold, exercising his lungs and his rights under Maryland law.

The next stop was the Bar H Chuck House. The manager met us at the door. "Sorry," he said, "We can't serve Negroes."

"Why not?"

"We don't serve Negroes."

"Look, man, we're hungry and tired."

"You can eat if you stay out there."

"Why? It's cold out here."

"Look, Mac," he said pointing to the squat fuel trucks and the trailer vans parked in front of his diner. "A lot of truck drivers from the South stop here. If I let you in, I lose their trade."

"Some places up the road don't mind."

"I ain't going to be the first to open my place to Negroes," he said, manufacturing his own logic. "When the others do it, I'll do it too. I got my savings tied up in this place. I can't take no chances."

So we asked him to make it official. He went to the phone, called the police barracks, and in a few minutes, a familiar vehicle appeared. Under the impassive eyes of two troopers, he read us out. While he

was taking our names to prevent us from harassing him again that day (a "reading" is good for twenty-four hours), another group pulled up.

"Hot damn," groaned a trooper. "Ain't these people never going to go home?"

We went home at nightfall after two hours more of the same routine: locked doors, hostile faces peering out at us; the chant of the tobacco auctioneer; curt, unfriendly service, and, once, leftover food ("That food is stale, ma'am. Will you please return it and bring me fresh?" Olivia asked and the waitress sullenly complied); and occasionally, the sign of a person struggling with his conscience.

Then it was over, this crusade for a cup of coffee, as we sped north through the neon wilderness, our voices still but no longer small.

What had we accomplished? Though Americans and Africans continue to meet rebuff on U.S. Route

40, additional owners since that Saturday have quietly desegregated their premises and Governor Tawes of Maryland has announced that he will support a pending bill to end discrimination (this summer, swimming pools at the fancier motels may create a new conflict). Our polite but persistent pressure drove home to the opposition that many Americans, neither Communists nor crackpots, are willing to act to make American principles practicality. These were some of the reasonably solid things we achieved.

For me, a white man, the experience was humiliating, shattering, but it was also exhilarating. The physical ugliness of the Route 40s the eye can endure until our urban planners demolish them and replace them with something more pleasing; but the human ugliness, the rot that reaches far out from Route 40 into the world, cannot stand for long. Let the world take note.

What the Peace Movement Needs . . . by Charles D. Bolton

THE PERIOD since mid-1961 has seen the greatest proliferation of peace activities since the 1930s, perhaps in our history. Reasons are not hard to find: the Berlin crisis, the deterioration in the U.N., and the Soviet test resumption (which suggests that Russian leaders now consider nuclear war so likely that urgent preparation for it outweighs any propaganda considerations). But I think the major reason is the realization, yet hazy for many, that powerful elements in American society are mentally and morally capable of starting a nuclear war, or at least of knowingly taking actions involving the highest risk of one. Three experiences brought about that realization. First was the shock of the failure of the Kennedy Administration to take the significant initiative for peace that many liberals, rightly or wrongly, had come to expect dur-

ing his campaign; second has been the *rapprochement* of so much of respectable conservatism with a resurgent extreme Right, which has shifted from a policy of defending the *status quo* to a policy of urging the eradication of communism, even by war if necessary; the third, and most focal, was the Administration's shelter proposal, with the subtle first-strike implications being further promoted by assurances from major news magazines that nuclear war need not, after all, be so bad.

Until this recent period, the peace movement had consisted of in-group stimulations by disparate groups ranging from pacifists to one-worlders; occasional acts of public witness, and essentially critical stands by liberal groups like SANE. Now community groups have sprung up in great numbers — the San Francisco area alone has over a dozen. There has been a contagion of women's marches and protests. Symptoms of the shaking of student apathy have appeared, most strikingly in the form

of student cooperation within adult peace groups.

Many professional and academic people have begun to speak up for peace. A new spirit has also emerged. The upsurge has the character of an authentic mass movement, with an ignoring of traditional social and organizational lines and an emphasis upon individual initiative. Very few institutional organizations have played a significant role. The actions have been essentially expressions of individual sentiment, gropings by concerned people for meaningful action in a world which, as David McReynolds puts it, is rational but no longer sane.

UNHAPPILY, the lasting power of the movement is in doubt because of the very individual spontaneity which has been its initial strength. These new peace workers direct their anguish at crises of the moment; few look beyond 1962 to any specific program for attaining peace. The extent to which the Kennedy shelter

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program has become the focus of attack is symptomatic. Winning the peace will almost certainly require persistent effort over a period of years. Can individual responsibility be sustained simply by crises, without the morale and ideology of organized groups? Will it operate during periods of low international tension, which is actually when the most political progress can be made? The new peace workers have been concerned largely with registering their own protests and encouraging like-minded people to register theirs, without, for the most part, addressing themselves to the organizational and tactical questions involved in influencing the thinking of the general public. The movement still thinks in terms of the \$2 contribution. There are no spokesmen who speak in ringing terms, no symbols of evil, no enemies decried.

PERHAPS the fundamental internal problem of the peace movement is the character of its leadership. There are no important political names among its active leaders. Clergymen and union officials, with certain notable exceptions, have provided little leadership; and considering their organizational contexts, not much can be hoped from them. A major source of leadership remains with pacifist-oriented groups like the Friends, and their record of quiet, consistent effort is admirable. Their approach is one of persuasion by personal example, a reluctance to see other groups as enemies or to question motives, and a strong individualism emphasizing each person's own peace-directed form of action rather than striving for any group stand. It is extremely difficult for persons ultimately committed to nonviolent resistance to accept a conflict-group theory of influence. Yet it is doubtful whether political decision-makers can be swayed without concerted organizational persuasion, whether popular stereotypes about international affairs can be changed without publicly raising questions about the integrity and commitment to democracy of the power blocs promoting the ideology of the military state.

Intellectuals, too, find it hard to provide the leadership required. The

academician has a distaste for the rough and tumble of competitive persuasion. The scientist's trained tendency to doubt operates against commitment to action for political ends, with their inevitable uncertainties. The intellectual's aversion to black-and-white thinking makes him, paradoxically, reserved about any action which is apt to polarize issues and, at the same time, antagonistic to the "public relations" concessions necessary to enable the peace movement to become a genuinely popular movement.

The division and reluctance in leadership is reflected in the movement's inability to agree on specific goals. Various elements urge pacifism, unilateral disarmament, general disarmament, arms control, initiation of reciprocal steps in tension reduction, world government, etc. They agree only in being against a general nuclear war. But the issue is not whether people *want* war or peace — almost everybody, publicly at least, is against war. The issue is what specific course of action is an alternative to the current unstable balance of terror has a reasonable chance of preserving both peace and the values of civilization. Symptomatic of the problem is that, while there are peace groups galore, scarcely one among them is pleading disarmament as its special cause. Disarmament has never been an issue of serious public debate in this country.

Perhaps a by-product of the very desperation of the current international situation is that it may bring some unity and hard-headed realism to the peace movement. If members of the movement hope to affect the course of history (or make future history possible), they must agree on three general points.

POINT 1. The jam in which the world finds itself, and which will likely be accentuated in the next years, is too critical to justify any but practical, i.e., conceivably effective, peace activities. Any alternative to the military posture must have reasonable credibility for the general public, as well as for some — though not necessarily all — of the major power hierarchies in society. Such approaches as pacifism and uni-

lateral disarmament, though appealing to many peace workers, have no likelihood whatever of being accepted by the bulk of the American people within the future in which the decision of war or peace must be made. The unacceptability of any alternative that would leave the door open to a Communist takeover would be so great to the political, economic and military hierarchies that they would almost certainly disrupt democratic processes to block it.

The alternative must require international cooperation, empathy for the legitimate concerns of other nations, and a commitment to an accelerated effort to stabilize the relations among peoples by raising the standard of living in underdeveloped countries. But it cannot imply a narrow political or economic ideology which would divide the peace movement, alienate significant potential support, and enable opponents to denounce it as subversive — thus barring the movement from access to the mass media and institutional structures essential to bringing about change in mass society. For example, an alternative such as world government — a worthy, long-run goal — is not a practical possibility for promotion by the peace movement in the decisive future.

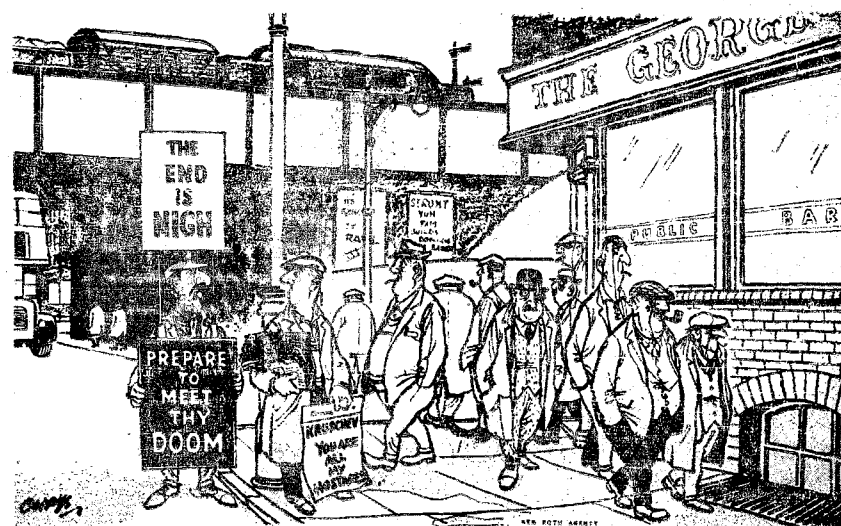
THESE considerations leave the peace movement with no feasible alternatives to the balance of terror except arms control or general disarmament. The arms-control theory is, as a matter of fact, not a realistic alternative at all; it cannot be viewed as anything but a smoke screen for a continuation of the arms race [see "The Arms-Control Doctrine," by Seymour Melman, *The Nation*, Feb. 11, 1961]. Hence, there is left no realistic course for the peace movement except to throw its weight toward the goal of general disarmament with appropriate inspection and controls. Disarmament has no particular ideological content, has a large body of respectable scientific support, and is the avowed goal of both Russia and the United States as well as the neutralist nations. Though no one should overestimate the depth of commitment they represent, these public testaments bespeak a climate

in world opinion that can be appealed to.

Such a course implies further that proposals for solving East-West crises should be evaluated primarily on the basis of their contribution to preparing the ground for a disarmament agreement. For example, an opportunity exists in the case of the German issue to press for a policy that would at once solve that political impasse and start the U.N. toward disarmament-control activity. It seems reasonably possible that Russia would accept a solution involving the disarmament of both West and East Germany and a withdrawal of all NATO and Soviet forces, both goals to be achieved under U.N. supervision. Reunification of Germany would in time almost certainly occur, but justifiable Soviet fears would be relaxed by Germany's disarmament. A crucial accompanying step would be to extend U.N.'s opportunity to serve other countries in a similar role. Thus there could evolve, in a short time, a U.N. framework for inspection and maintenance of disarmament applicable to general disarmament when the time came.

Similarly, the peace movement cannot realistically urge any approach toward the China question other than the abandonment of present U.S. policy, aimed at reinstating Chiang Kai-shek on the mainland. Peiping's current strained relations with Russia should be exploited to bring about modifications in the relations of China to the rest of the world that will make its Communist government more responsive to world opinion and to the dangers of nuclear war. With its rapid industrial growth and bitterness at world ostracism, China may well turn out to be the critical question on which disarmament turns.

POINT 2. It is by no means enough for the peace movement merely to stress the horror of war and to propose a vague disarmament ideal. A disarmed world is as inconceivable to most people today as was a world without a hereditary ruling class to our medieval ancestors. Not only must a credible political program for disarmament be presented, but



Chrys: "News of the World" (London)

"The 'orrible thing is people don't laugh at me any more!"

peace workers must think through the implications, especially economic and social, of disarmament. I believe it will be possible to appeal to the majority of articulate Americans only if universal disarmament can be portrayed, not just as an escape from the "Red or dead" dilemma, but as the door to a new vision of socioeconomic life. To avoid ideological hogs, the vision, for the peace movement itself, must be vague. But to generate the required enthusiasm there must be promise of something more inspiring than just averting depression and relaxing tensions.

As an initial step in making disarmament plausible, the popular stereotype of the manner in which decisions leading to war or peace are made needs to be exposed as false. Advocates of the balance-of-terror deterrent must logically make the assumption that decisions will invariably be made, in rational fashion, by objectively informed political and military leaders. This assumption is invalid. Such decisions reflect primarily the collective climate in which the decision-maker operates. One need not turn to our witch-burning ancestors or to the collective insanity of a highly civilized people under Nazism to illustrate the power of collective climates. That non-rational social contagions shape the climate of thought of elite groups, as well as of the general public, can readily be seen in twelve years of American policy toward Communist China, the gross miscalculations of the Cuban fiasco,

and the way in which the international crime of the U-2 incident has somehow been converted into an American moral triumph. A political elite sharing the premise that history is irrevocably moving in its favor overlooks contradictory evidence and miscalculates the will of opponents. An elite which habitually refers all social upheavals to a conspiratorial causation comes, in time, to perceive all social change as a gigantic conspiracy against civilization and reaches the ultimate ethnocentrism of preferring the eradication of mankind to the triumph of the conspirators.

This is not to say that rationality is not predominant in *most* decisions. It is to say that there is no ground for faith in the *invariability* of rational, accurate calculation implied by the balance-of-terror deterrent. It is to say that, whereas the tensions of an arms race inevitably generate irrational social contagions, premises of distrust and collective insanity, disarmament would foster a climate of opinion which would minimize thinking in terms of military solutions and encourage hope that international differences could be resolved by negotiation.

WHILE the details of disarmament are voluminous, the general framework is ordinarily overcomplicated by its proponents. For a considerable time into the future disarmament can and, because of ideological differences, must be worked out with a minimal modification of the ex-

isting U.N. structure. Unquestionably some system of world law must eventually evolve to handle genuine conflicts of interest between nations.

But we must recognize, I think, that it is simply not true that most conflicts that produce war in modern societies can be resolved by judicial action. The interests of the Nazis could not have been adjudicated by any court. The conflict of interests between the United States and the USSR is an ideological conflict, not one subject to legal decision. The American Civil War demonstrates that the rule of law alone does not prevent war. Nations compete in many fields (as in seeking markets for trade); but, with rare exceptions, it is the existence of the capacity for, as well as the will to, military action that raises resultant tensions to the conflict level. Since it is beyond our capacity to bring about a worldwide fabric in which there are no clashes of interest, the only alternative is to eliminate the capability for military action. The fact that the kinds of weapons that create the real danger today require the skills of highly trained scientists makes this goal easier to attain. The internationalization of the high moral standards which characterize the best of the world's scientific-technical community must for some time be the key to the maintenance of disarmament. Given general disarmament, the U.N. and the World Court have a high likelihood of evolving a system of law adequate to handle the kinds of disputes which are subject to adjudication.

WHAT modifications in the U.N. are necessary to prepare it to serve as a disarmament apparatus? The first is to change the Charter — if that is necessary — so as to assure universality of membership. Clearly no universal disarmament plan is viable which does not include all the peoples in the world.

Since the disarmament agency would be an executive function, the major structural modification necessary would be in the Secretariat rather than the Assembly. Required would be a large inspection commission of scientists recruited from the various nations. Peace workers

should give more attention to Dr. Leo Szilard's belief that faith in the honor of the scientific community may be the world's best hope. I mean no blind faith in scientists as persons, but rather an awareness that the character of science as an organized activity exercises a form of moral control over its members that is different from the amoralities operating in political and economic realms. (It is instructive, here, to compare Bronowski's *Science and Human Values* with Mills's *The Power Elite*.)

It is generally proposed that a U.N. police force would be the major enforcing instrument of disarmament. But the problem of control and use of such a force against major powers poses difficulties of the same order as immediate world government. While no doubt a medium-sized force capable of preventing wars in underdeveloped areas would be essential from the outset, I think we must candidly admit that, until the world has evolved further toward a common political frame of reference, maintenance of disarmament would have to depend upon the unanimous voluntary support of the major nations (though, of course, subject to full inspection and all non-military types of controls). Fortunately, it is from the major powers that voluntary adherence is most easily maintained. For it is there that the community of scientists is most advanced; and it is on the major nations that the eyes of the world would be focused. The free international communication among scientists in a disarmed world — which it is crucial to establish in the first stage of the disarmament process — would lessen the likelihood of a technological breakthrough giving one nation an advantage over another in rearmament potential. In addition, once the commitment of its scientists to a disarmed world had been obtained, no major country could move toward rearmament without provoking so deep a split in its own scientific community that large-scale rearmament efforts would be paralyzed.

POINT 3. Since any plan of universal disarmament involves un-

certainities and risks, advocates of disarmament face a difficult educational problem. Peace workers can win their case only if, at the outset, they can convince people that the question is one of choosing between alternatives which involve varying degrees of risk. Disarmament must be shown to involve less risk to civilization and humanity than a continuation of the arms race.

The most fundamental risk in disarmament involves an intellectual judgment: that Communist leaders are not men of undiluted and *unchangeable* evil. I cannot agree with those who say we must take the pessimistic view of communism. It is a thin line between successfully answering this challenge and being declared "soft" on communism. The problem is not to defend communism at all; it is to make clear that the Communist world is changing, that the direction of this change depends very much on our responses to it, and that communism would change even more under disarmament. While it would be naive to expect Communists promptly to give up their belief in the ultimate triumph of their system, history makes clear the falsity of the premises of ideological invariance and the unchangeability of national orientations. The form taken by applied Communist ideology has been shaped in large measure by the paranoid logic of an arms race with modern weapons, by the grinding context of forced-march industrial development, and by the worldwide anti-colonialist revolution. Under disarmament, it is highly plausible to believe that the loss of effectiveness of fulminations against the West, combined with an increase in the consumers' share of an already impressive rate of economic growth, would accelerate change in Communist societies and hasten their evolution away from the police state and their efforts to export revolution.

The problem posed for a disarmed world by the tenet of Communist ideology that internal revolution is a legitimate political technique is indeed serious. However, the inspection and control apparatus that would be set up in every country under disarmament would work strongly against outside interference

in the domestic affairs of any state. Revolutions not dependent upon outside influences, or threatened by counterrevolution from outside, would be likely to develop in a more moderate direction. Communist revolutions have rarely directly succeeded; they have succeeded by radicalizing moderate revolutions which stalled, or were threatened from without.

Ultimately, the peace movement's answer to the risk of revolution is similar to the one which must be given to the danger that, in a world where the gap between the "have" and "have not" nations is so enormous, real grievances between na-

tions might mount up to an overthrowing of disarmament. The answer must be that disarmament is the *beginning*, not the *completion*, of the solution of the problem of war. But it is a beginning which would enable us to move meaningfully to further steps. A crucial advantage of the contemporary point in history is that the level of technology for the first time makes possible extremely rapid closure of the economic gap between the "have" and "have not" peoples. The primary barriers are social and political, and many of these barriers would be reduced under disarma-

ment. The vista of technological possibilities opening beyond the roadblock of militarism is one in which the political symbols of communism would have little appeal. Indeed, the advantages to mankind of a disarmed world are so great that it is time we cease just timidly proposing disarmament as a less risky alternative than the arms race; it is time to make clear that human societies should seize this precarious moment in history to liberate the potentialities of our technical knowledge. And this can be brought about only when man vacates his self-made community of fear.

THE WAR on UNICEF .. by David Cort

A REAL but not unpleasant personal issue for every American every early December is whether to send out Christmas cards, what card to choose, and whom to send it to. Nuances of religious tact arise in the transmission of a given card, pietistic, devout, witty, sacrilegious, abstract, or merely jolly, among Catholics, Protestants and Jews, not to speak of the other faiths. A Catholic receiving a Holy Manger card from a known atheist may feel he is being patronized; a Jew receiving the same card from a Catholic may feel he is being bullied. And so on, in endless detail.

A great many people (five of my correspondents this last Christmas) have since 1949 lit on the gracious solution of sending out the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) cards. In this way they not only honor Christ's birth, but also help save the lives of some 56,000,000 of His favorite people, children, at the season when the Christ Child was being hunted down by the mercenaries of Herod Antipas. UNICEF may be the only effective indubitable proof that there is a hope for mankind "on earth as it is in Heaven."

DAVID CORT, author of *The Minstrel Boy* (Macmillan) and other books, is a frequent contributor.

January 27, 1962

And so the UNICEF Christmas cards, naturally, raise new Herods who send out to murder the little ones, all that can be found, in case the One should escape and give His name to the day of Christmas. These latter-day tetrarchs are the Daughters of the American Revolution, 1025 Commonwealth Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.; Lawrence Timbers, American Legion, 317 First West, Seattle 99, Washington; Carl McIntire, a former Presbyterian minister, 756 Haddon Ave., Collingswood, New Jersey; Billy James Hargis, P.O. Box 977, Tulsa 2, Oklahoma; and Mrs. May Gaskill, officer of a local chapter of the D.A.R. in Barnegat, New Jersey.

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wrath, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coast thereof, from two years old and under." In slaughter, a large generosity is indispensable. And so, according to the same Gospel according to Saint Matthew, "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea. And Saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

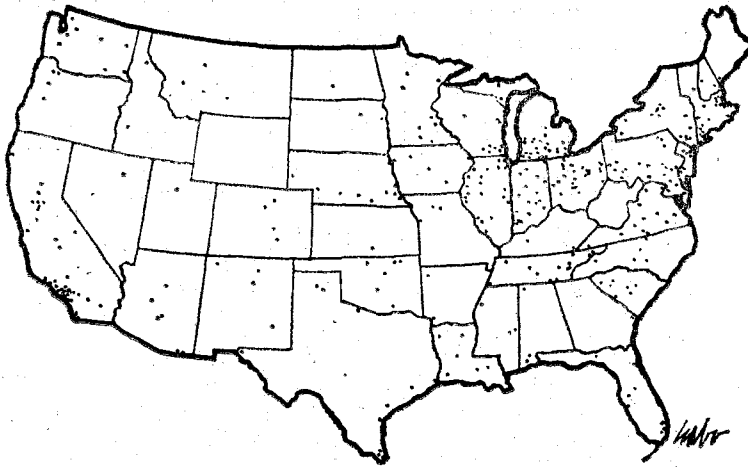
The ancient words must surely come home to the Daughters of the American Revolution, Timbers, McIntire, Hargis, Gaskill and the

others, perhaps in their dreams, as they send forth to slay all the children from two years and under, and surely they must sweat a little in their sleep, even as Herod, and no more sweetly.

Before we review the operations of these modern Herods, let us first see what UNICEF does in the world, and how.

UNICEF now feeds and cares for about 56,000,000 children and some mothers who are not members of the D.A.R. It has treated 31,000,000 victims of yaws (a charming tropical skin disease whose symptoms are similar to those of syphilis); 11,000,000 for trachoma and conjunctivitis; a million lepers; vaccinated 134,000,000 with BCG, a deterrent against tuberculosis; and eliminated endemic malaria in large areas by the use of insecticides. It supports 6,500 main health centers and 12,300 village centers, and is constantly trying to expand its services to the children of the world. It is doing something about more childish pain than the ordinary human being can bear to think about.

To get UNICEF aid, a nation must ask for it, match every dollar with two of its own, and admit UNICEF personnel to supervise it. Possibly for the last reason, the USSR has never asked for aid, or



Communities where UNICEF Christmas cards have been openly attacked.

received it, though it contributes 2,000,000 rubles annually.

UNICEF's first job was to salvage the children of war-torn Europe, whether Communist, Fascist or whatever. Aid to Communist nations ended in 1950, except for Yugoslavia. Later Poland asked for aid, and accepted UNICEF supervision of it. After the Hungarian uprising against Russia, help was rushed to Hungarian children, without regard to their politics.

The United States contribution to UNICEF is subject to the condition now that it not exceed 46 per cent of all governments' contributions (in 1953 the proportion was 68 per cent). In addition, the United States contributes supplies of surplus dried milk. In 1960, ninety-eight governments made voluntary contributions, usually their own currency. Even the Communist nations seem ashamed not to contribute, and nine of them do. As an American, one can only wish that the American contribution were greater, not less, for this is precisely what America is supposed to stand for.

Like all U.N. agencies, UNICEF necessarily includes nationals from Communist states: three out of thirty on its executive board, and four out of the 556 members of its staff. American staff members are screened by the FBI. The Executive Director has always been an American: Maurice Pate.

In 1961, the United States allocation of \$10,000,000 was not due until the other nations' matching funds were in hand; meanwhile the United States, as a bookkeeping transaction,

lent the U.N. some of the funds earmarked for UNICEF. However, on the due date in late December, the United States presented UNICEF with its check for \$10,000,000.

Now enter Herod.

THE ATTACK on UNICEF began in October against the churches' program of turning children's "Trick or Treat" Halloween rounds to the useful purpose of UNICEF collections (see editorial, "The Anti-Children Crusade," Nov. 25, 1961).

The attack on the UNICEF Christmas cards burgeoned around December 1. How the word spread I do not know, but the original lie factories were those named above: the D.A.R., Timbers, McIntire, Hargis and Gaskill.

The commonest lie was that UNICEF is a tool of communism, irreligious and 80 per cent subsidized by the United States. This figure is achieved by including an evaluation of the dried milk at the rate of the U.S. Government's price support of dried milk within the United States. The UNICEF milk is surplus, or valueless. Perhaps the D.A.R. would rather see it used as fertilizer instead of fed to hungry babies.

"Of total contributions to UNICEF, the United States contributes nearly 80 per cent" (Hargis). "These cards have nothing to do with Christmas, God or Christ. They are . . . part of the drive to destroy Christmas as a distinctly religious occasion. . . . Americans, and especially children, are being conditioned to accept peaceful co-existence, which is a strategy of the

Communists just now to lead us into surrender or defeat" (McIntire). This man wants to change Christmas into a warmongering festival.

"Shall we awaken some day to find that Dec. 25 is being celebrated as a 'One World Peace Festival' instead of a Holy Day of the Christian Church? Christians, be alert! . . . The cries of the children of the world rend our hearts. Let us respond in the Christian American way and save them from being forever in bondage to the charity of the welfare state" (D.A.R., "Report to America").

As if this were not bloodcurdling enough, a New Jersey D.A.R. chairman, Mrs. May N. Gaskill, conceived that the UNICEF Christmas cards were a "Communist-inspired plan to destroy all religious beliefs." Mrs. Gaskill's mailman was presently staggering under bags of UNICEF Christmas cards, at least 400 of them sent her by adoring University of California students.

Hargis of Oklahoma got really fundamental in revealing that the U.N. is the creation of "careful Kremlin planning," detected by his keen eye in a sentence in *The Daily Worker* of Jan. 6, 1936: "The real issue is collective security before it is too late." He then follows the Kremlin trail to Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta. As one who reported those times, I must tell Mr. Hargis, "The jokes end right here."

THE horrid tidings of the Herods went on the air from Bob Siegrist of WLS Chicago, Martha Roundtree of WOR New York, and McIntire on some New Jersey stations. It was picked up by various columnists.

But some underground communications system was at work. All across the country local newspapers received a letter from a reader, usually a lady, who parroted the corrupted "facts" processed by Timbers, Hargis, Gaskill, McIntire, *et al.* UNICEF has a map showing the incidence of the above-ground explosions [see above].

Certain thoughts and even sentence structures reappeared endlessly all over the country. "The Soviet Union does not permit UNICEF to operate within her borders." (It receives no aid, but sells the cards.)

"Communist countries receive twenty-five times more than they contribute." (Crazy!) "Eighty-seven cents of every dollar collected goes to run UNICEF." (The administration figure is about seven cents on the dollar.) "It renders no service to children or to mothers or citizens of any country." (What? What?) "The greetings printed on the UNICEF cards contain the greetings printed in the Russian language." (Some cards use all five of the official U.N. languages, including Russian; others use four languages; others are blank.)

The bedlam gets still better: a reader writes in the Monterey *Peninsula Herald*: "All the money collected this year for UNICEF went to help make up Russia's deficit in the U.N."; another in the Denver *Post*: "From the beginning, the U.N. has ignored God"; others in the Baton Rouge *Advocate*: "Three-quarters of U.S. contributions went to Communist or Communist-dominated countries"; in the *Daily Hampshire Gazette*: "UNICEF money goes to Communist countries and is handed over to the officials, not

to the children, and then disappears completely." The *National Review* and Lee Mortimer in the *New York Mirror*: "UNICEF contributions buy guns to shoot Katangese." This last has a beautiful, stark, clean villainy, but the *National Review* retracted the next week.

WILD, untrammelled, feckless lying like this makes for dull correcting, UNICEF patiently wrote every paper pointing out the facts. Decent citizens protested as best they knew how. The Detroit *Free Press* gave space to an especially heavy Donnybrook, instigated by a D.A.R. lady. One woman in the Phoenix *Republic* wrote: "The best way to give vent to my feelings in the matter is to buy just as many UNICEF cards as my budget can possibly stand, and then buy some more."

A similar thought seems to have occurred to Jacqueline Kennedy, who announced publicly that she had bought 100 UNICEF cards. Pope John also made his annual contribution to UNICEF of \$1,000, accompanied by a warm message.

The U.S. sales of the cards in

1961 set a new record at 10,000,000 cards and an income of \$1,250,000. This was matched by sales in the rest of the world.

The untidy affair gives us some depressing information about the isolationist Right in America. In the first place, it shows itself hard-hearted to the point of inhumanity, including its womenfolk. Secondly, it is stupid. And thirdly, since many of the fictions cited above could not possibly have been innocent, it is dishonest. In view of this diabolism, one is tempted to advise the Right to give up its foolish search for a program that is intelligent, honest and godly, and instead simply embrace four-square the platform of the Black Mass. The Devil is waiting.

Perhaps the most disgusting sentiment I read was this: "The D.A.R. contributes much of its time and money for the benefit of children, in . . . stressing love of God and country." The D.A.R. is in favor of children, if pious and patriotic, even if dead. The kindly voice speaks, and one turns to see that it issues from a monster.

American Shoppers and the Common Market

, , by Peter L. Bernstein

WHY, AT A time when the threat of low-cost imports is intensified by the development of the European Common Market, does the Administration choose to engage in an all-out battle for authority to make deep cuts in our tariffs? The conventional explanation is that we must reduce our own tariffs in order to persuade the member countries to dismantle their discriminatory tariff wall against our exports. And this is certainly true. Yet there is more here than meets the eye, and too little attention has been given to certain fundamental but less apparent issues at stake.

The failure to see the problem as

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a whole is unfortunate, but not surprising. We all share a highly myopic view of foreign trade. This was illustrated recently by an American plywood manufacturer who complained that American timber was being exported abroad and then shipped back here in the form of plywood to sell at prices well below his own break-even point. His hurt was genuine, of course. Nevertheless, he failed to point out that, although he was losing business at home, the American grower of timber was gaining sales abroad. Perhaps equally important, the availability of low-cost foreign plywood represented real savings for American consumers, as they were able to buy plywood at prices below what they would have had to pay if they were restricted to the domestic product.

The brilliant French economist,

Frederic Bastiat, made this last point with telling force 120 years ago, in a satirical "petition" to the Chamber of Deputies from the manufacturers of candlesticks, waxlight and lamps. The "petitioners" complain that they are suffering from the "intolerable competition of a foreign rival [who] absolutely inundates our national market at a price fabulously reduced. . . . This rival . . . is no other than the sun." The candlemakers go on to argue that all possible access to natural light should be shut up; the consequently increased demand for artificial light would provide great benefits and rising employment for all those connected with lighting. And then they sum up:

Make your choice, but be logical; for as long as you exclude, as you do, iron, corn, foreign fabrics, in proportion as their prices approximate

to zero, what inconsistency it would be to admit the light of the sun, the price of which is already at zero during the entire day!

This puts the issue neatly. If we could erect a tariff wall against sunlight, we would create jobs for the candlemakers, but we would have less to spend on other things—hardly a method for improving living standards! We are therefore correct in fostering international trade to the greatest possible degree: it serves to raise real incomes and living standards. Of course, like other forms of economic progress, it leaves some localized injury in its wake. But this is no excuse for blocking progress, only an indication that we must find ways to ease the resultant pains.

In all the shouting about the threat of low-cost imports, we are seldom reminded that these imports allow us to buy our clothes, our cameras, toys, typewriters, automobiles—and our plywood—at prices below what we would have to pay if no imports were available. And, of course, anything that prevents us from buying at the lowest possible prices forces each of us to work harder and earn more in order to maintain our standard of living.

We also too frequently forget that we shall have more money to spend on things at home if we can buy a given quantity of goods and services for less money by purchasing them abroad. If we spend less on plywood, for example, we can afford to spend more on aluminum or some other domestically processed building material. The money we save on textiles will leave more money available for home-grown food. In this way, the jobs lost through the competition of imports are offset by the jobs gained through our increased purchasing power for home-produced goods and services. Seen in this light, the Common Market is possibly less of a threat to the American economy than we might at first suppose.

NO, THE REAL danger to our economy presented by the Common Market is not that it will flood us with low-priced imports, but that American exports may be unable to compete in our most important foreign market. This danger is by no means limited to the genuine obstacle

being erected in the form of a tariff wall that will discriminate against exports of all countries outside the Market area; our exports would be threatened in any case by the growing efficiencies of large-scale production that will be made possible by the removal of the member countries' internal tariffs.

The absence of internal tariffs in the United States was the major explanation of our industrial success: the sheer size of our national market justified the risks involved in creating and building huge factories for mass production. Given the substantially similar economic horizon of the West Europeans, and the physical size of their market, much the same process should occur as their internal tariff barriers are dismantled. They have the further advantage of labor costs that are still well below our own.

THE LOSS of these export markets would be extremely serious for us. Unlike a rise in imports, a decline in exports is a total loss, with no offsetting advantages; there would result an absolute shrinkage in American jobs and incomes. Moreover, the maintenance of our export surplus to Western Europe is crucial, for it is with that area that our balance of payments shows the most serious deficit.

While we are still selling Western Europe about \$2 billion a year in goods and services over and above what we buy from them, our military expenditures there are running at an annual rate of more than \$1.5 billion; and the largest part of our private capital outflow is moving there as well. Furthermore, any U.S. foreign-aid money that the underdeveloped countries do not spend here also tends to go to Western Europeans, thus adding to the area's already ample supply of gold and dollars. In the past year, Western Europe has gained \$700 million in dollar balances from us and \$300 million from the rest of the world, together with over \$1 billion in gold from us and a small amount from elsewhere.

We can hold this outflow of funds to manageable limits only by selling enough goods and services to Western Europe to finance the payments

that we have to make there for our imports, military expenditures and capital investments of all types. This means that the maintenance of the dollar as a key currency, the preservation of our gold reserve and the world-wide prestige of our economy will ultimately depend upon our success in maintaining and expanding our export markets in the Common Market countries.

THERE are many pessimists who believe that we are moving into a hopeless struggle. They argue that we will lose out because of our high and rising labor costs; the inability of many labor leaders to recognize that we all sink or swim together over this issue; the proliferation of rigidities and restrictions in our administered, quasi-monopolistic price structure, and the inflationary policies of our government.

Quite possibly they are right. One can hardly be encouraged by the record of three of our leading industries that are prime examples of capitalistic enterprise—oils, steel and autos, each of which has been caught asleep at the switch in recent years, as increasing competition and almost incredible managerial errors led them into the most serious trouble.

Nevertheless, although the difficulties and obstacles are fully apparent, it is much too soon to consign the American economy to the ashcan. The record has much to justify an optimistic approach.

In the first place, our exports have shown a clearly rising tendency in the recent past, even excluding the sudden and brief bulge associated with the Suez crisis in 1956-57. Our commercial exports set an all-time record in 1961—slightly above the high level of 1960, nearly 20 per cent above 1959 and more than 40 per cent above 1955. Since 1955, the output of American goods and services for sale abroad has grown twice as fast as the total output of the economy as a whole.

Second, we can find many indications that American businessmen are going to push hard and successfully to maintain their foreign business; governmental export-credit insurance and efforts to reduce foreign discrimination against dollar merchandise will be important assists. To be

reassured, one has only to look at the dominance of American aircraft on the world's commercial airlines, the persistent foreign demand for American machinery of all types, the leadership of the American electronics industry, rising sales abroad of textiles and clothing by enterprising American manufacturers, the sale of American coal to importers in Newcastle and the Ruhr, the aggressive California wine grower who is exporting his product to France, and the imaginative printer of American dress patterns who has recently opened enormously successful operations in the Common Market and in Japan. How many people, for example, realize that German imports of U.S. chemicals are still three times as large as German exports of chemicals to this country?

Third, accelerated economic growth among our most important foreign customers must lead to greater selling opportunities for us. The industrially advanced countries constitute our major markets: the United Kingdom, Japan, West Germany, Italy and France spend nearly \$5 billion a year on our goods and services; excluding Canada, which is closely linked to our own economy, 30 per cent of our total exports go to just these five countries. On a per capita basis, they import about \$15 of American products every year, compared to only \$5 by all our other foreign customers. This means that greater prosperity and rising living standards in Western Europe should lead to expanding American exports, even without any intensified efforts on our part.

Finally, the unfavorable differential between wage rates here and abroad is continuously narrowing. Wages in France, Italy and the United Kingdom have risen an average of 67 per cent faster than American wages since 1955, while the cost of living in those countries as a group has risen half again as fast as ours over the same period. As the revolution of rising expectations in the not-quite-so-affluent societies of Western Europe bites even more deeply, we may continue to anticipate a further narrowing of these wage differentials.

But in the last analysis the whole issue boils down to something much more significant than the stimulation



Crawford: Newark News
"A little something we fixed up ourselves!"

of our exports or the favorable resolution of the crisis in our balance of payments. What is at stake is the very success and survival of our more or less free-enterprise economy in a world that is flirting increasingly with the temptations of socialism and national economic planning.

HOW IS our success to be determined? It will be measured, in all likelihood, by the ability of our economy to expand fast enough to meet our own needs (which are by no means small in many areas), to accelerate the economic growth of the underdeveloped countries, and to provide jobs for all who want them in a labor force that will increase twice as fast during the 1960s as it did in the 1950s. *And the same things that stand in the way of the expansion of our foreign business also block our domestic economic growth*—an inflated and rigid cost structure, a heavy monopolistic tinge to many markets, lack of business aggressiveness, and the limited political and economic horizons of both labor and business leaders.

The Administration's decision to meet the challenge of the Common Market head-on through a drastic reduction in our tariffs is therefore more than a question of foreign trade: it is also an effort to crack the strait jacket of all kinds of monopoly and rigidity that stifle the vitality of our domestic economy. The teachings of Adam Smith, the hot breath of competition, the bitter-tasting medicine of the free market are being called upon to do what the

Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department can never accomplish and what our basic ideology prevents the government from doing by direct intervention and control.

Here, too, the omens are favorable on balance. Competition is an extraordinarily vitalizing tonic. Note how quickly the American automobile industry swamped the threat of foreign imports, once the decision was made to do something about it. The heavy flow of business outlays on plant modernization even through the recent recession, and the early pick-up of plant and equipment expenditures in the current recovery, are proof that wholesome and invigorating pressures are at work on American businessmen. As the chairman of Bell & Howell put it, in commenting upon the recent 40 per cent reduction "in one fell swoop" in the tariff on movie cameras, the industry was forced to diversify its products, increase capital expenditures and reduce labor costs: it "brought out the best of creativity in our industry," he said. Indeed, the dramatic revival of the cartelized, antiquated and creaking French economy in recent years is evidence enough that competition can work miracles in economic rejuvenation.

All of these arguments suggest that we will be much better off to face our problems head-on, rather than to hide behind artificial and ultimately repressing devices. The Common Market is a reality and it cannot be wished away. The erection of a tariff wall against it will reduce our own domestic living standards and damage our export industries—the most efficient industries we have. On the other hand, free acceptance of European goods on our shores will increase our domestic purchasing power, stimulate our exports and invigorate our free-enterprise market economy. President Kennedy put the matter succinctly to the NAM:

Those who would benefit the least and are unwilling to adjust to competition are standing in the way. . . . [They will lose] in the long run their own economic well-being because they will suffer from competition in the United States inevitably if not from abroad, *for in order to avoid exertion they accept paralysis* [Italics added].

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Seductive Warriors

THE CENTURIONS. By Jean Lartéguy. Translated from the French by Xan Fielding. E. P. Dutton & Co. 487 pp. \$4.95.

Joseph Barry

THIS terrible, fascinating, seductive novel, whose fiction is assumed to be semi-fact, has sold 600,000 copies in France since it appeared in 1960. Its characters are quoted by sociologists as if the book were the Krafft-Ebing of paratroop perversions, popularly called principles. It is the book most requested in prisons and public libraries and undoubtedly outsells the Bible—a simple trick in this Catholic country.

Indeed, it has become the bible, designed to be read as living literature, of all French forces—not only of the air and ground, but of the sea. *La Marine*: “To be read, and made to read, by our comrades, the Reserve Officers.” The review of St. Cyr, France’s West Point: “A book to be read, pencil in hand. It is the key to the drama of Algeria.” More than that, it proves “*les paras* are among the Army’s most intellectual—they know modern war.” And, of course, *Para-Press*, the paratroops’ own periodical: “A great testament, honest and virile, to the Man of War of our times.”

Honest and virile, that stallion-soldier Man of War scorns those outside the warrior cult—the deputy, the intellectual, the noncombatant—as the “woman-man.” He has seduced many such, Joseph Alsop as well as Jean Lartéguy, who have met him in Indo-China and Algeria.

The reader meets the *para* in Lartéguy’s book at the defeat of Dienbienphu, impressed, imprisoned and forever after infected by the yellow fever of Mao’s doctrine of guerrilla warfare: the successful army must be a revolutionary army, “moving among the people like a fish in water.” We leave him, three years later, in the so-called “battle of Algiers” of 1957, when Massu’s paratroop division “de-rats” the Casbah and in cold blood, not hot, subjects Moslem suspects to water and electric torture.

This summary is not seductive, and it is a tribute to Lartéguy’s talent (he

was himself a *para* and now follows them as a journalist for *Paris-Press*) that he swept me along, almost drowning in fascination and the effect of living so long among these men. What war correspondent, however deep his contempt for the war itself, doesn’t finally identify with the men he is covering?

IN THE case of Lartéguy, there are further complications. He himself, he has said in an interview, would be a Communist, had he not been educated by the Jesuits (a *non sequitur*). None the less, his wife is an unconcealed Communist and he considers himself left-wing. So do his heroes. Raspéguy, the Colonel resembling Massu, is proud of his Basque peasantry and despises General Franco. Esclavier was in the Resistance. They form their men into a band of brothers by sleeping, swearing and fighting alongside them. Their allegiance is to one another, not to a France betraying their fight—wherefore the military coup of May 13, 1958, the Challe revolt of April 22, 1961, the Salan *putsch* of this month or the next, to save France from her immoral, unvirile, politically corrupted self.

There is also the ambiguity that each man loves the thing he kills (Hemingway’s lion-hunter is the lion-lover). For the greater the value and valor of the quarry—Vietminh or Moslem—the greater the value and valor of the killer. Thus the enemy is inevitably romanticized in the romanticization of the hero.

Finally, a terrible taste for violence has struck this Cartesian land, perhaps because of its abiding intellectuality. Malraux deserves credit for some of the cult; no French writer on war escapes his example. But it obviously goes beyond France and affects our own nuclear heroes. (I’d like to read Erich Fromm on Alsop’s “Berlin crunch.”)

There have been other French books on the paratroopers, presenting them as less than paragons, but they have generally been seized by the government for “demoralizing the Army”—a contradiction the government disdains to test in court. As *Le Canard Enchaîné* has pointedly remarked, “The centurions dear to Lartéguy are now *less affreux*, the ugly mercenaries of Tshombe.”

Unhidden in Lartéguy’s lines, and giving some depth to their staccato length, is the author’s awareness of the truth about his *paras*. However, he doesn’t go as far in his fiction as he has in an interview, where he admits, “Today the military have acquired a taste, not for politics, but for the exaltation of manipulating the masses. It is fascinating. But it is not their fault, if they are left on their own. The military should never be left on their own; if not, they won’t act stupidly. But above all, you must never give the military a tragic sense of life.”

That, of course, is exactly what Lartéguy has done. And in its apocalyptic conviction that defeat in Algeria is further proof of the West’s final fall, the French Army may yet “gallantly” take France down with it, without a parachute.

Invocation

All I can say is that I waited, Euterpe,
though you always took other paths
and made your soundless presence
known elsewhere. In the wingless night
this waiting was my asylum.

Even from the air of your absence
I quarried occult syllables
that both lulled and roused me
and blessed the lamplight
of sleepless watches. None of us are betrayed
who in a soft voice call to you.

All I can say is that I waited, Euterpe,
and if given a respite
from the creeping shadow on the dial
I would continue the vigil.

Even your far-off voice is enchanting.

William Pillin

JOSEPH BARRY is the European correspondent of the New York Post, with headquarters in Paris.

The Wealth of the Orient

Lincoln Kirstein

IN RECENT years, our collections of Near and Far Eastern art have assumed an importance scarcely secondary to Western art, which has had its far longer local history in scholarship and acquisition. Thirty years ago, postgraduate instruction in art history included the Orient as hardly more than a hopelessly recondite field; since then, the world has shrunk. Now, almost as many travelers have been to Kyoto as to Knossos. Still more amazing is the variety and richness of American museums; apart from indigenous private holdings which often still resist visitors and cataloguing, many of the most important examples of portable Japanese art are now in this country.

The books all too briefly appraised below draw attention to great artifacts. Readers seeking originals must first investigate the Freer Gallery in Washington, with its incomparable staff, facilities, collections, endowment and interest in conservation, in every field east of Istanbul. Then Boston, with its marvels from India, China, Korea and Japan and fine Persian drawings; the Metropolitan Museum, poor in the extreme Orient, but with incomparable Iranian, Sumerian and Assyrian objects, beautifully reinstalled, with the majestic reliefs set in walls recalling the scale and site of their origin. It is a pity they are badly lit, with false, theatrically blurred light in no way recalling the flat sunlight for which they were cut. The William Rockhill Nelson Museum in Kansas City has the greatest Chinese wall-paintings in the West; and an over-all representation of Asian art in quality second to none. Cleveland and Seattle have beautiful collections. When the Avery Brundage Collection opens in San Francisco there will be further amazement. The Art Institute of Chicago has a great collection of Japanese graphics (as has the Metropolitan in New York), and some good Chinese bronzes, but the sculpture has recently been wretchedly reinstalled, with a fussy interior-decorator style, a hodgepodge of gravel and wall-paint that robs the individual objects of their intrinsic form.

The Near East

SUMER: THE DAWN OF ART. By André Parrot. Golden Press. \$20.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN has been commissioned by the Seattle World's Fair to arrange a demonstration of traditional Japanese ritual-sports in August, 1962.

January 27, 1962

THE ARTS OF ASSYRIA. By André Parrot. Golden Press. \$25.

The first two luxurious volumes in a sumptuous coverage of world art, sponsored by André Malraux, art-historian, novelist, de Gaulle's Minister of Education and Culture; and George Sales, former Director of the French National Museums. It is impossible to imagine two more beautiful or well-written books than these by M. Parrot, for the glory of their selection of individual objects, the tact of their juxtaposition, the attention to the nature of materials, whether ivory, ceramic, stone or metal. The text is discreet; the objects speak superbly for themselves but they are placed in just context and open unfamiliar worlds. They present a new standard in art publishing. Both books have nearly 400 pages with as many plates, printed in gravure and color in France. They are by no means expensive.

THE ART OF THE MIDDLE EAST, INCLUDING PERSIA, MESOPOTAMIA AND PALESTINE. By

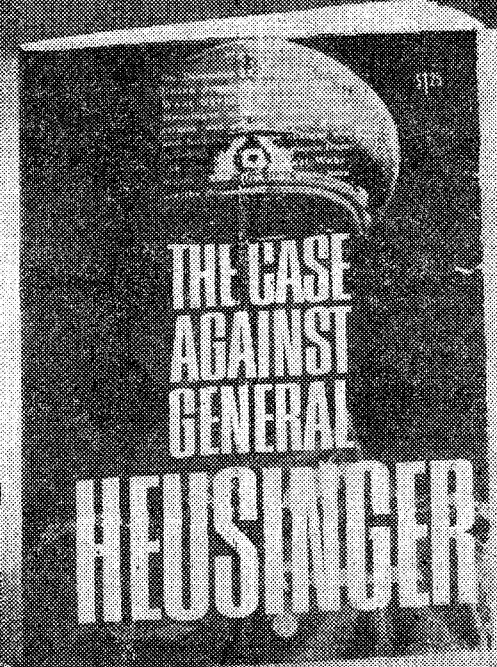
Leonard Woolley. Crown. 259 pp. 60 hand-tipped plates, in color. Many line drawings. \$5.95.

If one cannot afford the two books just noted, this is an admirable replacement. It is the most recent volume in the "Art of the World" series, which covers non-European cultures; their historical, sociological and religious background. The emphasis is more archaeological than aesthetic. The series, in its sixteen published and projected volumes, offers the finest popular-priced example of clear editing, fine format and masterly presswork in its field. Books by great scholars on India, Indonesia, Africa and China are now available. Promised are detailed studies of such heretofore inaccessible realms as Pre-Islamic Persia, the Asian Steppes, Australia, the Pacific Islands and Tibet. Sir Leonard Woolley's beautiful book shows the considered judgment of a distinguished lifetime spent observing these multiple and complex worlds. In particular, the attention given to architecture is a revelation. The drawings are clear and the plates neat.

ETHIOPIA: ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. Introduction by Jules LeRoy. Text by Stephen Wright and

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The most recent in the all-but-ephemeral series of monographs issued for UNESCO, but by no means the most interesting. Technically, the reproductions of these manuscripts, which have their special, mysterious naïveté, get more and more subtly accurate. Yet suddenly one wonders whether or not these unwieldy volumes, perhaps UNESCO's most enduring monument, best serve the interests of the constituent nations. There is a grave discrepancy between minute attention allocated to comparatively minor or at least secondary arts and the reckless luxury of format. We know little or nothing about Ethiopian art, but by this means we learn little more. Here is a de luxe presentation in a strictly limited field, good enough for scholars or to present to embassy libraries, but only slightly rewarding to the generality who would have been more benefited by some notion of Ethiopian architecture, handicrafts or textiles.

The Far East

THE ARTS OF KOREA: An Illustrated History. By Evelyn McCune. Tuttle. 452 pp. 314 plates in color and gravure. \$17.50.

Korea assumes a peculiar role in the development of Japanese art, with which many Americans have tended to confuse it. This excellent, richly allusive and well-edited book, with a wealth of good illustration, was printed in Japan; it may seem expensive but would have cost twice as much if produced in the United States or Western Europe. Korea is shown here as far more than a bridge between mainland Asia and the Japanese islands. In certain realms, such as pottery, shown to such supreme advantage in the Charles Hoyt Collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Korea is second to no culture. Korean arts have been discounted as a provincial variant, but as Miss McCune well shows, due to the poverty of its land and its special geographical placement, the genius of its artisans has often achieved a purity in vision, form and line, denied its more opulent neighbors.

CHINESE ART TREASURES. A Selected Group of Objects from the Chinese National Palace Museum and the Chinese National Central Museum, Taichung, Taiwan. Skira. 286 pp. 231 plates, 15 in color. \$5.

This is the finest, as well as the cheapest, single volume of popular interest in

the last year's Oriental field. Issued in soft covers as the catalogue of the great exhibition of treasures from the Chinese Imperial Collections [reviewed in *The Nation*, Oct. 7, 1961], the book, printed in Switzerland, illustrates every object in a show that was huge and particularly distinguished by its paintings. The text, illuminating these marvels, was prepared, and the original choice of the objects largely made, by Dr. Aschwin Lippe, the distinguished Sinologist on the staff of the Metropolitan Museum. Dr. Lippe's writing is always clear, his eyes sharp, his reading vast and his knowledge of contemporary activity and Occidental culture complete. Hence he shows us these pictures, often unfamiliar to our habits of viewing, in a humane manner, untainted by the possessiveness of private information.

KUNIYOSHI. By B. W. Robinson. The Victoria and Albert Museum. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 71 pp. 91 plates in halftone. \$5.

This English book is generally available in art-book stores throughout the country. It should not be overlooked. Kuniyoshi is the least known of the great triumvirate of whom Hokusai and Hiroshige are the more famous but not always the more interesting. The author of this beautifully produced and inexpensive monograph is on the staff of the South Kensington Museum which held a great centennial show of Kuniyoshi's entire work in April, 1961. It is the first full-length study in English of a most charming artist, a superb draftsman, colorist, observer, with a particular passion for cats. Certainly the pictures grouped in this book as plate 87 are among the finest delineations of the tiger in the house.

ZEN, ROCKS AND WATERS. By Frederic Spiegelberg. Introduction by Sir Herbert Read. Pantheon. 63 pp. 16 plates. \$5.

A gift-book, with an unnecessary, prolix and tautological introduction by Sir Herbert Read who spreads himself thinner from year to year, this is a dilution of Suzuki and other familiar importers of Zen. The pictures are a slim choice from "The Mustard Seed Garden," prettily enough presented. Dr. Spiegelberg is a German scholar now teaching at Stanford. He writes like this: "The bleakness of inorganic matter was our best starting point—the most unadulterated form of sheer existence. But flesh, too, is matter and thuds with the Being of Being. . . . The title of this picture is 'Victory

The NATION

and Defeat.' Both are the same, for both express the inexhaustible richness of the real. As Whitman said, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won." The odd thing about Western Zen students is that they never seem to learn Law No. 1. Silence.

THE ART OF JAPANESE BRUSH PAINTING. By Jack McDowell and Takahiko Mikami. Crown. Many illustrations in black and white. 127 pp. \$3.95.

The Japanese traditional brush-painter who, one must assume, is responsible for the analytical illustrations, is not a very distinguished exemplar of his style. But the pictures are logically presented and, in combination with the very simple text, can teach a beginner something about the technique. It is a do-it-yourself job, but as you do it, you are usually defeated by the ingrained habit of Western vision as transmitted to Western digital conventions. However, one never needs to be in real competition with Japanese brush-masters to derive a certain innocent happiness from an attempt at imitation. And the book can make you look more closely at the originals.

THE NETSUKE HANDBOOK OF UEDA REIKICHI. Adapted from the Japanese by Raymond Bushell. Tuttle. 325 pp. 226 illus., 24 in color. \$8.75.
FABLES IN IVORY. *Japanese Netsuke and Their Legends.* By Adrienne Barbanson, with a preface by Felix Tinkotin. Tuttle. 116 pp. 57 illustrations in color and gravure. \$7.50.

Of these two Tuttle, Japanese-produced books on *netsuke*, the decorative toggles that secured medicine kits or tobacco pouches, the Handbook is by far the more interesting and valuable. These miniature sculptures in boxwood, ivory, ceramic and lacquer were for long the most imported objects of Japanese craft, except the wood-block print. With an almost exhausting ingenuity, they compress into tiny space the large forms of animals, people, plants and insects. They are part of the Japanese cult of compression which includes dwarf-trees, puppets and toys. Some of them are indeed beautiful, but it doesn't help them to be blown up into a monumental scale as in the Barbanson book. Four times their natural size they become gross, coarse and vulgar and deny the intention of the carvers. Only Western eyes could think enlargement has an advantage. The Handbook is in every way admirable; well organized, complete and very useful.

January 27, 1962

JAPANESE ART IN THE SEATTLE ART MUSEUM. An Historical Sketch. By Richard E. Fuller. The Seattle Art Museum. 195 pp. 210 plates in half-tone. \$2.50.

JAPANESE DECORATIVE STYLE. By Sherman E. Lee. The Cleveland Museum of Art. Distributed by Harry N. Abrams. 161 pp. \$9.50.

The catalogue of the excellent collection of Japanese arts gathered over the last twenty years by Dr. Fuller and his friends is evidence of what assiduity, taste and not an enormous amount of money can do for a medium-sized museum. The collection is, for example, incomparably richer than any west of Kansas City, until the Brundage Collection is installed in San Francisco. The catalogue was issued to commemorate the centennial of the Japanese-American agreement in 1960, but, in fact, Dr. Fuller has written a compact, interesting and very readable history of Japanese art in all its form with illustrations all drawn from the Seattle collection. The book, in soft covers, is cheap, well printed and can be obtained from the museum. Dr. Lee's book is the catalogue of a splendid circulating exhibition of Japanese decorative art emanating from the fine collection in Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Lee is the curator. I saw the show as installed at the Chicago Art Institute, where the yellow of the walls wiped out much of the delicacy of the screens. However, one was left with the rather sad impression that decorative art is just what it is, decorative, and that screens and scrolls, lose immeasurably when not used as intended in daily life. It does them slight service to be enthroned or canonized as individual or independent artifacts.

JAPANESE PAINTING. By Akiyama Terukazu. Skira. Dist. by World. 218 pp. 81 color reproductions. \$22.50.

JAPANESE GENRE PAINTING. The Lively Art of Renaissance Japan. By Kondo Ichitaro. Tuttle. 127 plates, 10 in color. \$17.50.

The first book is a general history, with excellent plates and text; there are a number of unfamiliar examples from Japanese private collections and a just balance between religious and secular art. The book ends with some famous woodcuts, but as usual, it is assumed that nothing of importance happened after 1850. Sooner or later, the Meiji and Taisho periods will be found to have their considerable interest, just as Western scholars trained on Greece, Rome and the Renaissance eventually rediscovered the pleasures of the Baroque,

Rococo and even Biedermeier. The second book forms an excellent supplement, even if one rather regrets the use of the word "Renaissance"; rebirth of what? When did Japanese painting die out to be reborn? This large and handsome volume collects good examples of genre painting in excellent gravure, but we must wait for Dr. Philip Stern's big book on screens to get a more exact and intense experience of the variety, vitality and charm of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Kyoto and Edo.

IDEAS FOR THE WESTERN MIND

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SOME YEARS AGO, defending a novel by a famous writer which had been thoroughly roasted in all the reviews, Tennessee Williams said he liked the book because the novelist had succeeded in thoroughly exposing his inner being. That is a romantic view of the function of art, but since all works of art do in fact reveal the men who made them — though I doubt that it is their main purpose or value — I am not prepared to contest Williams' defense.

Tennessee Williams is a romantic. While his latest play, *The Night of the Iguana* (Royale Theatre), is certainly not strict autobiography, it does give us an idea of how Williams sees and judges himself. At the moment this seems to me the most rewarding aspect of the play, though not the only one. Indeed, it is easy to assert that it is the best American play of the season — since there is nothing else to stand beside it.

There is sentimentality in all of Williams' work, but in *The Night of the Iguana* he is not trying to show himself in a favorable light. The reverse may be closer to the truth. If there is pardon in the play, it results from confession and self-castigation — which is one of the forms a puritanic romanticism takes.

The central character is the still young Lawrence Shannon, an Episcopal minister who has shocked his congregation by denouncing its God and substituted for Him a pantheistic diety, or to put it more plainly, a god as amoral as the forces of nature themselves. Shannon's church is closed to him and he has become a tourist guide in Mexico. He takes pleasure in showing his (American) clients the shady or seamy side of the places they visit, not only because that is what attracts him but also because it fascinates them. He is given to promiscuous fornication — usually with young persons, even minors.

The personal association is clear, is it not? A man of religious disposition desires to spread the Word, but the old God of vengeance is too narrow and shallow for him. Since he cannot renounce instructing and preaching, he must bring to everyone's attention the secret and foul byways of man's experience. Unless these are disclosed life cannot be wholly known or accepted. (This too is what audiences hunger to have displayed in a repressed and morally worried community such as ours.)

To dedicate oneself to such instruction may have its reprehensible side, but there is a grave mission in it as well.

There is very little indulgence in the portrait of Reverend Shannon. He meets a beautiful and very spiritual New England spinster who travels about with her grandfather, once a well-known minor poet. To support themselves in their extensive peregrinations she paints water colors and he recites his verse in hostels, restaurants, holiday resorts. The girl is chaste without strain, pure without vanity. She understands all, forgives all. She is the image of what the outcast preacher considers almost sacred. He knows he cannot corrupt, break or defile her. She has her own strength. Nor can he ever measure up to what she embodies. So he reconciles himself to becoming the companion in waywardness of the lewd and gusty lady whose hotel is the scene of the play. Smiling ruefully, Williams must be content (like his poet) to set himself down as "frightened me."

IF ONE does not perceive the drift of *Iguana* in its relation to its author's legend, the play may seem meaningless, shapeless, a little unreal. Every character is more conceptual than specifically true. (I must allow, but find it especially difficult to believe, that Shannon was ever an ordained minister.) Yet such is Williams' talent that the play breathes with its own artistic life.

The writing, to begin with, is lambent, fluid, malleable and colloquially melodious. It bathes everything in glamour. Colored lights seem to illuminate all the play's people, lending them an odd dimension. I do not care for the hinted psychoanalytic explanation given of Shannon's behavior, but one cannot resist Williams' intuitive invention. For example, cavorting through the seedy Mexican hotel is a chorus of comic maenads in the shape of German (Nazi) tourists — so many fat grubs infesting the place with a sick-making health.

These and the terrifyingly funny secondary characters — the hysterical girl Shannon has seduced (it is interesting to note that he maintains the girls have seduced him), the righteously indignant American schoolteacher infuriated by Shannon — all form part of a picture that not only lends the play credibility but an extraordinary vividness.

A born dramatist, Williams writes wonderful acting parts. The cast has been admirably chosen. Margaret Leighton glows with a subtle flame which conveys a sense of mystery, pity and awe — almost pictorial. Bette Davis, in perhaps the most soundly written

part, is ablaze as the sullied bacchante who owns the hotel in which she and the apostate will continue to sin. Patrick O'Neal has the right mask for Shannon — wracked with fever, guilt and a depraved saintliness which somehow resembles asceticism. O'Neal's is a real characterization, though in avoiding gush he appears a little dry, perhaps depriving the personage of lyricism. (It may be a fine point of interpretation whether this is desirable or not.) Patricia Roe and Lane Bradbury are highly effective in smaller parts; Alan Webb who plays the nonagenarian poet is, as always, a complete craftsman. Oliver Smith's set — the seedy hotel rank with undergrowth of strange flora and fauna — is one of his best. The company plays well together, to the credit of the director, Frank Corsaro.

I AM pleased that Bertolt Brecht should have a success with the anthology of his writings which a group of zealous actors (Viveca Lindfors, Lotte Lenya, Anne Jackson, Dane Clark, George Voskovec, Michael Wager) are presenting at the Theatre de Lys under the title *Brecht on Brecht*. It lasts a full evening, yet it offers only a smattering of Brecht's scope. Still, it is better to have a bit of Brecht than none at all — especially since we have had so much discussion of Brecht while the production of his work is still largely confined to foreign shores.

The better part of the evening is the first — devoted to his "life." Here short poems, anecdotes, a recording of his testimony at the hearing before the House Un-American Activities Committee (1947), passages from diaries, epigrams, quips and several songs are read, recited, played or sung.

Part Two — "Theatre" — is composed of speeches and scenes from plays (also some songs) which fail to contribute much to our appreciation of Brecht as a dramatist. One applauds out of partisanship and as a tribute to the outstanding figure of the world theatre since the war, but one is also frustrated. The longest piece of the evening is a scene called "The Jewish Wife" from one of Brecht's least representative plays, *The Private Life of the Master Race*.

There is a note of nostalgia in the Brecht evening, too, for the material in general recalls a time of strong feeling, witty eloquence, high aspiration, struggle, fortitude everywhere absent now within our domain.

I WAS sorely disappointed by Thornton Wilder's three short *Plays for Bleeker Street* (Circle-in-the-Square). This dis-

tinguished writer is trying to capture certain simple truths and state them in the most rudimentary theatre terms — like so many burlesque skits combined with the bare didacticism of (Chinese?) popular theatre. In *Our Town* this was accomplished by the use of prose that was as refreshingly crisp as a snowball and mitigated the oversweet and rather commonplace nature of the play's content. In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the theatre tricks as well as the writing gave a wholesome morality play something like stature. *The Matchmaker* (an adaptation) was a thorough delight that conveyed Wilder's basic geniality and enjoyment of ordinary experience.

These *Plays for Bleecker Street* (part of a long series) strike me in their lighter moments — the first skit might be

called *If Infants Could Speak* and the second *What Children Think* — as false naïveté. They contain only occasional glimmers of original humor. We are aware of a plan and of effort but the pleasure we anticipate after the initial surprise is not provided. Macintyre Dixon and Richard Libertini, who play babies in perambulators, are entertaining.

As for the third piece, which discloses why and how Francis of Assisi came to take the vow of poverty, the less said the better. This is amateur stuff, showing no trace of Wilder's considerable gifts. Dolores Dorn's lovely face (her nun's headdress covers the rest) and Lee Richardson's posture and expression describe the traditional Franciscan line that one observes in Giotto.

ART

Max Kozloff

TO WALK into the museum-like lobby of French and Company, with its nice medieval antiques and hangings, and then to take the elevator up to the very chic Cordier and Warren Gallery, is to furnish yourself with no preparation whatsoever for the prodigious works of Alfonso Ossorio. It would have been much more appropriate to descend to see them, preferably down the passage of a darkened fun house, with a wax museum or torture chamber along the way. For the first thing to be said about this Philippine-born artist is that the most effective productions of the Grand Guignol pale into frivolity when compared with his work.

Among other things, those increasingly old-fashioned expressions—"painting," "sculpture"—bear hardly at all on what Ossorio does, since their capabilities fall far short of the flesh-crawling horror that is his aim. Gauguin once said that "the ugly can sometimes be beautiful, the pretty, never." It is Ossorio's particular disservice to have done away with the ugly as an aesthetic category, not, however, in celebration of the beautiful, or to evoke a new beauty, but to make way for a disgust which aspires to reach beyond the most masochistic pleasure. At least, I think such is the likeliest interpretation of the path which this gruesome retrospective charts—somewhat too unflinchingly for my taste.

An early piece, dating from the artist's twenty-sixth year (1942) and hence before he warmed up to his subject, is already apocalyptic in mood. His "Peace

in Our Time," or even the "Klan Picnic" of 1949, are slightly more surreal conferrers of the nightmare canvases that George Grosz and Otto Dix were painting during the same decade. Other influences, or possibly only affinities, made themselves felt soon after. One detects a trace of a concern similar to Mark Tobey's "white writing" in "The Claw," 1952; by 1956, in "Panscape," the labyrinthine drippings of Jackson Pollock are evident. Ossorio, then, derived from a slightly flatulent late Middle European expressionism, to which he assimilated the most advanced techniques of American abstract painting, particularly those involved with automatism and chance. Through it all, though, he retained a personal note, and by the time of the last-named painting, came into his own with a vengeance. Here, the gummy cords of paint sag down the surface, spilling over one another in a slow, viscous, lumpy moil. It is as if Pollock's pigment had gotten leprosy.

Inevitably, Ossorio's tendency was to force this viscera-like clotting out from the picture plane into our own space. In chronicling this whole development, the show reveals him to be one more of those significant artists of the fifties who were not merely dissatisfied with the limitations of paint as a medium, or the shredded remnants of Renaissance space, but who had a rage to re-materialize the image, and to assault the physical sensibilities of the spectator as well as his aesthetic ones. Ossorio's career parallels Jean Dubuffet's fairly closely. The mor-

bidity of both was given voltage by the savage cult of *art brut* — the tendency since the war that leans heavily on fetishism, schizophrenia and junk culture.

An inventory of the materials in Ossorio's recent assemblages — comprising the bulk of the show—is not difficult to make. Protruding from heavy wooden frames are encrustations of the following: feathers, bones, glass eyes, driftwood, sea shells, mirrors, tile, pebbles, pennies, ropes, marbles, plastic, rubber, chains, bicycle reflectors, blue jeans, buttons, hair, pearls, etc., all swimmingly flooded by an albumenlike ichor. These unholy coalescences, furthermore, are punctuated by pimento reds, sulphur yellows, silver and malachite greens, while their surfaces fairly glisten and sparkle. In addition, the older "all-overness" of Abstract Expressionist painting, as a compositional device, finally has been strangled by a *horror vacui* that leaps right back into the most sinister reaches of ritual art. We all know that art is a non-discursive medium; Ossorio, however, presents us with the unspeakable.

I don't want to imply, though, that the point of this man's work is its mere loathsomeness. That, in any event, is bound to diminish as contemporary society acculturates itself ever more to much worse. Rather, if painting tries to

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entice the beholder to look for a couple of minutes, Ossorio's objects positively defy him to do so — which provides a visual abuse hard to ignore.

The only trouble is that it was irresponsible of Ossorio to have initiated this process in the first place. Except for bringing them together, he obviously has nothing to say either about the materials he uses, or his own feelings as expressed through the materials. Consider for a minute, Rembrandt's famous picture, "The Slaughtered Ox." The touch of cut, cold, damp fat is, I suppose, disagreeable. Yet it has been transfigured by Rembrandt's poetic half light — a personal vision which, you realize, could even have made digestible that other evil, the pretty. Ossorio's pieces, however, are not transformations, but simple accumulations. You may be nauseated by the materials themselves; but what really affronts you is the assumption that they alone are enough. For all the sheer tangibility of image, his ideal is a mere gesture. And for all the beastliness of their effect, his objects betray a most feeble imagination.

THE AFFAIR at the Martha Jackson Gallery this month is less dubious than Ossorio's, but more outrageous—which is probably what it should be. Jim Dine appears to turn his colleague's fallacy inside out, as it were: examples, or enlarged facsimiles of real objects are included in his work, only to be painted over, and the gesture of breaking forth from the confines of easel painting is very apparent, but is ultimately mocked. This queer, droll young fish, Dine, creates what technically might be called combine paintings. They are canvases upon which are pasted articles of apparel: ties, rubber pearls, suspenders, etc. These items are pictorially isolated, except when they are labeled over prominently with their own names. Like mail-order catalogues to especially slow farmers, Dine's images thus make redundantly certain that no one has any doubt as to what is being shown.

But this very condescension proves illuminating, especially in the great tour de force of this show, a concoction entitled "Hair." To the average New York viewer of 1962, its swirling handwriting, and squeezed-from-the-tube ribbons of pigment denote one thing—"action" painting. An "action" painting, though, which turns into an enormously magnified view of hair growing chaotically, and with almost indecent energy upon a ground suspiciously fleshlike in color. High on the surface Dine insolently letters in the word HAIR. In this, just as

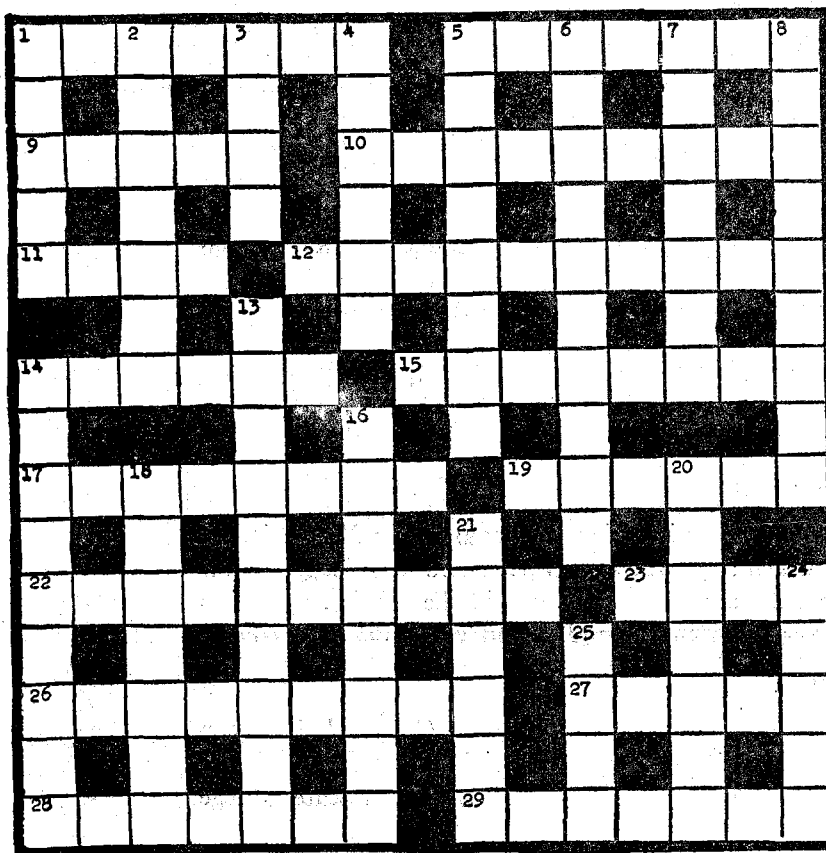
elsewhere with some crossed stripes that are in fact suspenders when seen close up, he outwits our cherished illusion of the nonrepresentational. Here, then, is a *humor noire*, willing to throw itself away on one bagatelle after another, and designed to show us, by the most absurdly obvious jokes, that there is perhaps no such thing as abstract painting. It is quite defensible, of course, to say that Pollock's skeins, for example, are *concrete*, because they are nothing else than themselves—actual presences. In that sense too, so are Dine's, but he shows us that, at the same time, they can't help representing anything they remind us of.

Cautiously, I would say that the Dine exhibition is the most methodical and subtle, not to speak of hilarious, critique of New York Abstract Expressionism, since Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns appeared on the scene a few years ago. But while he may owe something to them, Dine's attack is both more existential and parodistic. The two slightly older artists incorporate some of the procedures of their mentors; Dine simply mimics them, in transposing their terms. Thus, if Pollock blew up a detail of Soutine for special use, Dine does the same for the scalp; and if Barnett Newman hypnotized himself with great expansive blocks of color, so does Dine, with the same space-dividers—only now they are the suit-coat fronts of giants with enormous, frightening buttons. In the end, Dine not only works a switch, but comments upon it in each canvas—partly by his labels, but partly also by his dime-store, comic-book and "hard-sell" imagery, casting aspersion, as it does, on the impotence of some recent painting no less than on our popular culture and advertising.

It is in his tie canvases that Dine finally indicates his potentiality as well as his direction. Brushy, sensuous, these piquant obsessions with neckwear effect an exciting bargain with the creative act. In "Twelve Green Ties Hidden in a Landscape," for instance, the real ties look illusory, whereas the pigment likens itself to greenery. But it is the execution, at once completely "abstract" and "concrete," that authoritatively sustains this witty, mysterious and slightly batty charade. Dine is an inspired middle man between the simulated and the re-created, reselling them at his pleasure; he is, if you will, the mad jobber of art. His exhibition offers a maze of experiences whose vulgarity conceals a sensitiveness to the most interesting contradictions. I am extremely glad this work exists.

Crossword Puzzle No. 947

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It might be a raspberry, just in case it's far from tender. (7)
- 5 Where Langtry hung out in Greenwich? (4,3)
- 9 and 21 Spokesman? (11)
- 10 An 8 down might make one if he doesn't have a little time at first. (9)
- 11 and 27 Equivalent to a 14 down? (4-5)
- 12 Descriptive of an awl, in a criminal way. (10)
- 14 Traveled with speed when sent to the station. (6)
- 15 Where a scratched ball might be put in timely fashion. (2,3,3)
- 17 Might be associated with a grave follower of an Alexandrian priest, as a sort of 19. (8)
- 19 One who tips a plane laterally? (6)
- 22 Some people might easily be put out by it. (10)
- 23 Is it the end of such as Joel Harris' character? (4)
- 26 Profuse at not getting everything with the second ball? (9)
- 27 See 11 across
- 28 Very high in a sort of plane. (7)
- 29 Food of the French underground?

DOWN:

- 1 Frightened? Farmer Brown's meadow might be! (5)
- 2 Is Ben sort of French, nowadays?
- 3 How "My Fair Lady's" count makes his way across the floor. (4)
- 4 Are good lookers sometimes engaged with it, sub rosa? (6)

- 5 It issues notes on real property. (4,4)
- 6 Paul Bunyan's boss? (There's quite an argument at more than one!) (10)
- 7 Men were on top in the 17th century. (7)
- 8 In short, Christmas time to a public speaker, or one who trims the tree. (9)
- 13 Carry oil which the brave used at one time. (10)
- 14 Descend in a rubber trough? (9)
- 16 Would a thin flap make a tempest in a teacup, possibly? (4-4)
- 18 Is sleep like a cloak, possibly? (7)
- 20 What they sometimes do to drive? (It's about the first thing in the bowl.) (4-3)
- 21 See 9 across
- 24 At rising, Markham's man had one in the lake. (5)
- 25 Certainly not a sure cure, if you get this brown. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 946

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Glossaries; 4 Fair catch; 9 Lathing; 10 Science; 11 Edam; 13 Miss; 16 Intoned; 17 Deplete; 19 Subside; 22 Factors; 24 Load; 26 Mary; 29 Scholar; 30 Eponyms; 31 Redressed; 32 Tides. DOWN: 1 Galleries; 2 Outcast; 3 and 28 Sail loft; 4 Figured; 5 Instead; 6 and 25 Chinaware; 7 Tontine; 8 Heels; 14 and 15 Snail's pace; 18 Essayists; 20 Beached; 21 Edwards; 22 Forfend; 23 Omayyad; 24 Loser; 27 Blue.

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